

CONDITIONS OF THE STAR'S GREAT OFFER.

1. The Evening Star will pay \$500 in gold to the reader from whom it receives by mail, at the publication office, Pennsylvania avenue and 11th street, the complete and absolutely correct solution of "When the War Was Over," as it shall be disclosed in the treat was over," as it shall be disclosed in the

Was Over," as it shall be disclosed in the final chapter of the story to be published Friday. November 15, in The Evening Star. If two or more complete and absolutely correct solutions are received the \$500 in gold will be divided equally.

2. Should The Star fail to receive a solution that is complete and absolutely correct in all its details, the \$500 in gold will be allotted to the twenty-nine readers whose explanation shall come nearest to the true solution of the mystery according to their percentage of merit, and the money will be divided as follows:

\text{Vided as follows:} \text{\$100} \text{\$100} \text{\$210} \text{\$210} \text{\$210} \text{\$22} \text{\$25} \text{\$100} \text{\$250} \text{\$ 29 Prizes; aggregating...... 500

high grade serial story is a feature intended to especially commend it to the home circle. To emphasize—and advertise—the fact that The Star is a newspaper peculiarly suitable for women's reading, the further condition is made that the \$500 in prizes shall be paid only for explanations sent in by women and girls. All may read; but only women and girls may guess—and win the gold.
"When the War Was Over" will continue high grade serial story is a feature intend-

win the gold.

"When the War Was Over" will continue in daily installments until Friday. November 8, on which date all but the final chapter will have been published. The interval between Friday. November 8, and Tuesday, November 12, six o'clock p.m., inclusive, will be allowed for the forwarding of guesses, and the final chapter will be published in The Star taken by any member of the fundamental than the price of The Star, but they may read the story in The Star taken by any member of the fundamental than the price of the earliest date possible after the publication of the final chapter.

No condition of subscription to The Star is imposed. Guessers must be women and girls and necessarily they may read the story in The Star taken by any member of the fundamental than the price of the earliest date possible after the publication of the final chapter.

No condition of subscription to The Star is imposed. Guessers must be women and girls and necessarily they may read the story in The Star taken by any member of the earliest date possible after the publication of the final chapter.

son whatever will guesses from any source be received or considered after six o'clock p m. November 12. Persons who miss the first installments can obtain back numbers at the office of The Evening Star.

Rules of the Competition. 1. But one solution can be entered by

2. All guesses must be sent by mail and in no other way, plainly addressed to "Prize Story Editor," The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.

3. In order to put out-of-town readers of The Star on a time equality with city readers, they will be permitted to secure from their local postmaster an indorsement on the back of the envelope in which their guesses are forwarded, indicating the day and hear of delivers of the letter to him. and hour of delivery of the letter to him, and such guesses will be accepted at the Washing'on post office on the day and hour certified. The indorsement, plainly written in ink, must be personally signed by the postmaster or acting postmaster.

4. Inquiries not considered fully answered ners will receive proper attention if ad-

4. Inquiries not considered fully answered nere will receive proper attention if addressed to "Prize Story Editor, The Evening Star, Washington, D. C."

5. The \$500 will be awarded under the foregoing general conditions, according to the best judgment of the judges appointed by The Star, and they will have complete control and final decision in all matters relating to this contest.

6. "A complete and correct solution" can be made in the reader's own language and in the number of words necessary for an

in the number of words necessary for an absolute statement of the reader's guess. absolute statement of the reader's guess. It must disclose the mystery and such material facts of the plot revealed in the development of the story as may be deemed necessary by the judges to a clear and full explanation of the mystery.

The names and addresses of the winner or winners of the cash prizes will be published in The Star at the earliest date possible after the publication of the final chapter.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT.

(Back numbers can be obtained at The Star office.)

CHAPTER XII.—A COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

When at last Mr. Warren descended from the hay loft he was all of a tremble. He sat down on a milking stool and tried to think.

The fact that he was unable to find other trace of the intruder than the dead hen was not in itself so disturbing as that k was so characteristic of the mystery that surrounded Dutton's diamonds. The man himself was a puzzle with his unexpected return, his unexplained errand into the Adirondack mountains with apparently 'he wealth of an Astor in his possession. And then this man Golding, who hinted much then this man Golding, who hinted much and claimed more, and explained nothing. What could be the history of the diamonds that they should carry crime and tragedy in their course?

It was not fear that agitated the old soldier, not fear in the ordinary sense. There had been no trepidation in his ascent to the hay loft to pursue an unseen burglar; there was no fear in him now as he sat an eary target to any foe above who might choose to destroy him. The roots of his trouble lay deeper than in the mere surface that responds to ordinary causes of fear. The diamonds and the episodes atgreater drama upon an act of which the curtain had risen when Dutton stepped upon the threshhold the evening before,

All this is one form or another occurred to Mr. Warren as he sat with the pebble clenched in his hand, trying to understand how the attempt to break open his tool box had come about. He thought back over the chain of circumstances since he

over the chain of circumstances since he had found the pebble two or three hours earlier, beginning at the time where he had placed it in the box.

Just previous to that he had finished his work in the milk shed, and before that he had talked with his wife, and before that—There was the critical point! He had sat in the full light of day with the pebble in his hand working over it with a file in an absurd attempt to test its capacity for brilliancy. Somebody must have seen him then, and it must have been somebody who was cognizant of the diamonds and who had reason to suspect the farmer of know-

was cognizant of the diamonds and who had reason to suspect the farmer of knowing something about them. Else why should this somebody have been on the watch? for the inference was inevitable that he had been watched.

Was it Golding? Golding had passed the house after the conflict at the ruined cabin, but he might have come back secretly—he had come back and talked with Martha, and he might have seen Warren groping for the diamond in the grass. He might then have committed the attempt upon the tool chest.

This supposition did not seem satisfactory, reasonable as it was, in the light



Make a Pie

Shorten it with Cottolene instead of lard and see what a crisp crust it will have; how delicious and wholesome it will be. Pie made with Cottolene will do a dyspeptic good. Do everybody good because it is good. There is only one secret in cooking with Cottolene-use but twothirds as much as you would naturally use of lard. Follow this rule and Cottolene will do the rest.

Genuine is sold everywhere in tins with trady-marks — 'Cottolene' and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, and 114 Commerce Street, Baltimore

"Pretty comfortable," replied Mr. War-ren, "but he hasn't been wholly conscious yet."

Their faces were grave, and Warren noticed that they avoided looking directly at him. It was like his neighbors to call thus early when anything of unusual interest had happened that concerned him; they had strolled in like this on the rare occasions of illness in the family but it occasions of illness in the family, but it was not like them to glance sideways and shift from one foot to the other, as if the

still from one foot to the other, as if they were debating whether to make some lisagreeable announcement.

King sat down on the log, and putting his elbows on his knees, stared with assumed indifference at the milk shed. Turner followed suit, and Newcomb remained standings of the standings of standing with one foot on the log and his elbow on his knee

"Guess we're going to have a clear day," remarked Warren.
"Guess we be," assented Newcomb, breaking off a piece of bark from the log and crumpling it in his fingers, "how'd the thing happen, Nick?"
"What thing?"

"What thing?"

"You know well enough what I mean



"Morning Nick, said Turner."

the attack on this man and the burning of Sam's cabin."
"I'm not so sure that I should know what you mean. There's been a good deal happening round here since last evening."

"Well, you know what we mean now."
"I don't know." Mr. Warren meant this remark honestly Mr. warren meant this remark honestly crough as a reply to the original question, but Newcomb misinterpreted it.
"Nick, you're dodging," he said, almost sternly, "you know we meant to ask about the attempt to murder the stranger in your buses." "And I told you I don't know."

"And I told you I don't know."
There was a dissatisfied expression on Newcomb's face as he examined the bark dust on his fingers' ends, and Turner and King remained immovable and glum.
"I don't know what what right you've got to say that I'm dodging," said Warren, after a pause. "You've known me here for twenty-five years, and I don't believe there's a man in Granite, or the county either, that will say I ever deceived him or was afraid to face the facts."
"That's right, Nick," assented King, without looking up; "that's the kind of reputation you've got."
"Yes, that's right," admitted Newcomb, sadly, "and I don't say that it's wholly, but it's partly the reason we come up to

"res, that's right," admitted Newcomb, sadly, "and I don't say that it's wholly, but it's partly the reason we come up to ask you about this thing." I don't deny your neighborly interest in what happened up yonder," said Warren, "and I ain't unwilling to tell you what I know, but that's mighty little. I'm as much in the dark as anybody else about it."

"We'll 'low that, Nick," cautiously re-

"We'll 'low that, Nick," cautiously remarked Newcomb; "but about this man, ain't there something you know that the rest of us don't know?"

Warren compressed his lips, and for the first time since the conversation began he caught Newcomb's eyes.

"Yes," he answered, "there is."

Newcomb's eyes fell under the steady gaze of the old soldier.

"Wal," he said, awkwardly, "of course, every man's got a right to keep his business to himself, but we thought that under the circumstances you'd feel like telling us all about it, and we kind of thought, too, Nick, as how we had a right to know."

"I don't see it," responded Warren, firmly: "what circumstances do you mean, Alvah?"

Newcomb looked appealingly at Turner and Weight to company the conduction of the conduction of the conduction of the course of the conduction of the conduction of the conduction of the course of the conduction of the

Alvah?"
Newcomb looked appealingly at Turner and King, but one averted his eyes, and the other had not changed the direction of his stare into vacancy. Both were silent.
"The fact is, Nick," resumed Newcomb, thus forced to continue as spokesman, "we live in a little district all by ourselves where there ain't usually no occasion to break the laws. We get along together as

neighbors had always ought to, and we don't have no need of constables or courts. D'dn't you never reckon that we have no officer of the law roundabout this part of the township, and no official, 'cept the costmater?"

the township, and no omcial, 'cept the postmaster?"

"I've thought of it often," replied Warren, "and been proud of it."

"And when there comes along a breaking of the law we're rather hard put to it to know what to do. We can't stand by and see the law broken and not do anything about it. 'Twouldn't do for the good name of Granite."

of Granite."

"Well, what are you coming to, Alvah?"

"Here's been an attempt at murder," said Newcomb, "and for what we know it may come to be murder. The law demands and we as residents here have a right to demand that the guilty man shall be found and punished, and to that effect I may say we have a right to know all the facts."

"I have said that I can tell you nothing."
"And we think you can."

"I have said that I can tell you nothing."
"And we think you can."
Newcomb was more positive in his speech now. His prefatory remarks had rolled off better than he had feared they would, and he was now ready to spring the mine he had prepared.
"You was heard to say something powerful harsh about this stranger last night, Nick. These neighbors of yours heard you, and we all think your words require explaration."

plaration."

He stopped as if satisfied that Warren vas caught in a corner, from whence he could not escape.

"So you heard me, did you," said Warren, with desperate calmness; "and you repeated what you heard. Well, that's natural. It's ike you.

King kept his eyes down, but Turner looked up and said:

"We hain't been no tale bearers, Nick. We ain't the only ones who heard you wish the man had died."

"Which some people," remarked Newcomb, "would say was a soft kind of way

comb, "would say was a soft kind of way of saying you was sorry you hadn't killed him."

Marren's eyes flashed indignantly upon his neighbor and Newcomb drew back in-voluntarily, whereat the old soldier smiled his contempt.

"See here, neighbors," he said, "I've lis-

"See here, neighbors," he said, "I've listened patiently to all you've had to say, and I suppose what Alvah says is said for all of you. Now I'll take my turn, and I sha'n't keep you long. I regret what I said in the excitement last night, and I give you my solemn word it had no reference to the attack made on Freeman Dutton. That's the name of the man now sick in my house. my house.
"We understood his name was Dutton,"

interposed Newcomb.
"Yes, just wait a bit, Alvah. I'm coming to your understanding. You've got a lodger at your house, I believe, whose name is

at your house, I believe, whose name is Golding."
"He's stopping with us, yes."
"And he's talked this over with you, and told you how I went up the mountain alone and how I came back to say that I



Here's Been an Attempt at Murder

had found Dutton dead, and so on. He's told you all that, hasn't he?"
"He naturally gave us the facts, Nick."
"And he felt as keenly as you do, no doubt, that the reputation of Granite would suffer if the assailant of Dutton wasn't caught. And you told him how there suffer if the assallant of Dutton wasn't caught. And you told him how there wasn't even a constable short of five miles, and him the only one in the township, and he suggested to you that in such a case the village should take the matter into its own hands. So you three appointed yourselves a vigilance committee to come up and see me and get evidence. Don't interrupt! You've read about vigilance committees in the papers, haven't you? Perhaps Golding made up the committee for you. Huh! the next thing I suppose will be a return of this committee with the whole village tagging along, and there'll be a trial in my dooryard with Golding for judge, witness and judge advocate, and my neighbors will come with a rope and serve as jury and hanging committee. Now, see here, Alvah, and you, too, Seth, and you, Jim, I've told you as neighbors that I know nothing about the attempted murder on the mountain. If so be that an officer of the law comes to hold me responsible for my deeds, even if he's only Jere Smith, the township constable, I'll go with him peaceably, and answer in any and every court the law comes to hold me responsible for my deeds, even if he's only Jere Smith, the township constable, I'll go with him peaceably, and answer in any and every court every question that is put to me. But, hear me, neighbors, if you and the rest of the village take it into your hands to so much as examine me, I'll barricade my house, I'll become a soldier again, and the boundary line of my land shall be a dead line, and the first man of you that crosses it, I'll put a charge of lead through him!"

Warren's neighbors heard this passionate outburst with bewilderment and consternation. Their jaws dropped, their cyes were staring, and a pallor of something like terror came upon their sunburned faces. They had not calculated on this. In fact, for Warren had analyzed their visit with a fair approach to correctness, they had not calculated on anything. If they had been a legislative committee of investigation they would have called their trip a fishing excursion, for Golding had encouraged them to think that, if they impressed themselves upon Warren in the manner taken by their spokesman, the old soldier would make admissions or at least say something that would tend to a breaking down of his retleence as to what had happened between him and Dutton.

Having delivered his ultimatum, and having stood a moment before them with clenched fists and flashing eyes, Warren turned abruptly and strode toward the house, where Elsie, who had been attracted by his rising voice, and who had heard the last part of speech, stood waiting in a new fright for the strange scene to come to an end. Warren stopped as abruptly as he had started, for Golding was coming around the corner of the house, having entered the premises at the front gate, instead of at the side, as the neighbors had done.

"Good morning, Mr. Warren," he said with serenity. "May I have a word or two with you in private?"

Warren's profound anger was not of the kind that destroys control. His eyes glowed fiercely, and his attitude betrayed frank hostility, but he answere ownship constable. I'll go with him peace

"What do you want? Is it some new charge you will bring against me? or some new trick?"

"Nothing of the kind," returned Golding in a low voice. "I hoped to find you alone."

Warren looked him over a moment, and then, remarking, "Come along," led the way to the barn. They stood in the open door, while the three neighbors, recovering their senses slowly, as if they had been stunned by a lightning stroke, discussed the extraordinary situation in low voices, and lingered to see what would be the outcome of the new scene.

the new scene.

gered to see what would be the outcome of the new scene.

"I suppose these good people," said Golding, "have been tormenting you with their crude inquiries—"

"Instigated by you," interrupted Warren. Golding bit his lip.
"You jump to conclusions," he resumed, "but in any event don't you see that you are in danger of a very disagreeable experience, to say the least? Now, I've been thinking it all over. I admire your pluck and firmness. What is the sense of our remaining hostile to each other? There are enough in those diamonds for twenty men like you and me. You've got an advantage of me in the matter by having Dutton in your possession, and it is only through him, I suppose, that we can get at them all, especially the president."

"Hold on!" exclaimed Warren sternly, "you're going too mighty fast for me to be not with you. You take it for greated.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Warren sternly, "you're going too mighty fast for me to keep up with you. You take it for granted that I'll strike a trade with you to rob a helpless man of his property."
"There's no robbery, the property is as much mine as his."
"I won't dispute you. I don't want anythirg to do with you. You'll get no help from me in recovering the property if it is yours, and as for the threat of conse-



quences that you have brought to me through your cowards torture of my wife and the stirring up of my neighbors, I tell you to go and hang yourself with them."

"The hanging will it for another party," suggested Golding, a ppressing his disappointment at Warren attitude.

"I've nothing to say." responded Warren.
"There's the doctor. You'll want to talk to him after he comes out of Dutton's room.

I'll Put a Charge of Lead Through

and when you've had your say with him, you'd better clear out. I won't have you in my house again."

He went toward the house, Golding slowly following, and both men were surprised and startled to see a buggy follow the doctor to the gate, and a priest get down from it.

Dr. Nason waited until the reverend man had hitched his horse, and then conducted him to the first down. him to the front door.
(To be continued next Monday.)

MISSED WEALTH AND FAME.

omething of the Man to Whom Many Credit a Great Invention. In a recent issue of the Buffalo Commer-

cial John R. Chapin, now of Buffalo, gives some interesting reminiscences of Walter Hunt, who, in the opinion of many, including Mr. Chapin, was the real inventor of the sewing machine. "Let me close," he said, "with an anecdote of his talent in the line of invention

He came into my office on Nassau street one day looking quite downhearted, and to my inquiry, 'What's the matter, Mr. Hunt?' he replied, 'I owe you fifteen dollars, don't I, Chapin? Well, I've not a cent in the world, and I don't know where to get one.' Upon my assurance that it did not matter he said, 'Yes, but I don't know where to get a meal of victuals.' After walking the floor for a few minutes in a brown study he suddenly exclaimed, 'I have it. I'll be in this afternoon and pay you.'
"He went to his shop, took a plece of brass wire about eight inches long, sharpened one end, turned a coil in the center and a loop on the other end, bent it over and made the admirable shielded pin now in common use; took it down into Greene my inquiry, 'What's the matter, Mr. Hunt?

in common use; took it down into Greene street, sold the right for \$400 cash, came in before 4 o'clock, paid me \$15 and said, "There, Chapin, make out the papers for that at once and your money is ready for you."

PRISONERS CHANGE NAMES.

By This Method an lown Forger Escapes a Sheriff. From the Globe-Democrat. A remarkable case of deception was made

known in the Illinois state penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., recently. Henry Failing, a convict was discharged, after having impersonated another man successfully during About a year and a half ago Falling was confined in the county jail of Keokuk,

Iowa, having been arrested for passing worthless checks. - He made his escape worthless checks. He made his escape from the prison, and for several months was l'st sight of. Then the Iowa officers learned that Failing had been arrested at Rockford and sent to Jollet for another crime. A year passed, and the sentence was finished. The sheriff from Keckuk arrived in Jollet prepared to take his man, but when the prisoner was brought before him he said, "This is not Failing."

The facts in the plot were then made and The facts in the plot were then made apparent. Failing had been sentenced to a year's imprisonment from Rockford, toyear's imprisonment from Rockford, to-gether with a friend named Newton Dee. The deputy having them in charge had taken both to the penitentiary and deliver-ed them to the warden, but on the way they had planned to exchange names. Hened them to the warden, but on the way they kad planned to exchange names. Henry Failing was stripped, measured, photographed and numbered as Newton Lee, and was known as Newton Lee for a year, while Lee is known as Henry Failing. Both were good prisoners, one being assigned to work in the chair department and the bogus Lee serving in the capacity of night cook. Neither betrayed his secret. One was a regular correspondent, but the other wrote only occasionally, hence the chance of discovery was not great. Tuesday night Lee, by name, called for the chaplain and requested to see the warden and get permission for his discharge at 6 o'clock Friday morning, when his time was out. This was done, and Failing walked out, unaccosted by the Iowa sheriff, and joined his wife and child, who had arrived in the city the day before.

city the day before. A BLIND SURGEON.

He Performs Delicate and Dangerous

Operations With Skill. Boston Cor. Hartford Times. When Dr. James R. Cocke was two nonths old both of his eyes were ruined by a blundering doctor, who administered a wrong medicine. Since then he has been totally blind. He is now thirty-two years of age. He locates a disease by his sensitive touch, and he tells the color of goods in the same way, singular as it may appear. in the same way, singular as it may appear. A lady, who had eight or ten samples of dress goods, each about three inches square, handed them to Dr. Cocke the other day, and he at once told accurately the color and even the shade of color of each, and selected the samples of the best quality. When handed several national bank and government currency bills, he at once told the denomination of each and the color, whether green or black. He tells the complexion of a person by touching the skin. It is difficult to believe that a blind man could do this, but he is seen to do it, and accurately, too. accurately, too.

The Liveryman's Loss.

om the New York Weekly. Liveryman-"Terrible accident today. Mrs Heaviweight hired a horse of me to take a ride, and had hardly go started before the horse stumbled."

Friend-"My! my! Ind the horse fall on Liveryman-"No; she sell on the horse."

Dangerous Use of Strong Purgatives.

Pills and purgatives which act quickly upon the llowels, irritate and destroy the mucous linings of the stomach and bowels. A continued use of such remedies inflames the stomach and bowels. The use of the genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt is highly recommended because its action is due solely to its solvent and stimulating properties, without irritating the stomach. Best results are obtained when outdoor exercise can be had. Obtain the genuine imported article only.

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And Onyx Tables. Positively the largest assortment in the city. Every style known, and at prices within the reach of all. Examine our stock before making your

Geo. F. Muth & Co., 418 7th st. n.w. oc16-24d MISTOOK HIS MAN.

How the President of Switzerland Camped Out.

An amusing story is told of the late ex President Schenk of Switzerland, Unlike other potentates of Europe, he has been known for years past to spend his annual vacations in tramping among the Alps with one or more of his sons. Thus during the year of his last presidency (1893) he started off with two sons upon a tramp through one of the adjacent mountain provinces of France, and, as he was wont to do, took along the requisite camping material, such as is used by the army of Switzerland when engaged in annual maneuvers. Arriving one evening late in the suburbs of a village, the party proceeded to put up their tent and prepare for supper, when the gendarme of the place came up and ordered them away, or first proceed to the mayor under arrest and secure a permit. President Schenk, although somewhat fatigued, at once strapped on his knapsack and accompanied the officer to the mayor rather amused than vexed by the turn things had taken. Upon being confronted by the mayor, President Schenk presented his passport, signed by himself, and duly authenticated by the French ambassador at Berne, Count Laufrey, which referred to the bearer as "His excellency, the President of the Swiss Confederation." At first the mayor seemed quite dumfounded, but recevering himself, at once, in the most obsequious manner, begged the president to excuse the action of the police officer, and fairly pleaded to have him accept the hospitality of the town, lest it might be said his corporation had failed to becomingly honor so distinguished a guest. But President Schenk, in his habitual good humor, soon quieted the agitated mayor, and assured him the highest honor that could be offered to him would be to let him do as he pleased, and it would please him most to be allowed to camp out with his party, as had all along been his practice, when upon his annual vacation tramps. President Schenk, as usual, slept in his tent that night upon an open field. rather amused than vexed by the turn packages and presents from going astray, and for that reason he sent them out to be posted in every office, asking people to look more carefully into the regulations relating to postage, and see that their parcels are AERIAL TRAVEL.

Limitations Which Surround Animals in Their Flight.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. It is evident that not one of these wouldbe flying machine men has ever seriously undertaken to solve the problem mentally There is but one way of getting through the air by mechanical action, and that is by cleavage. There are really only two forms of cleavage, the one as represented by wing action as applied by insects and birds, the other a rotary action as represented by the screw of a steamer. To the application of the wing principle there is a limit set by natural law, just as in animal forms there is a limit set to either bipedal

limit set by natural law, just as in animal forms there is a limit set to either bipedal or quadrupedal construction.

There is, perhaps, no form of cleavage that represents the expenditure of force more economically than wing action as manifested in the flight of a wild goose. Here is an exceptionally large avoirdupois for the wing area, but the bird cannot carry any additional weight. In the birds of prey, the body is lighter in proportion to wing surface—a light, compact frame, but immense muscular action, capable of carrying for a short distance a load of from eight to twelve pounds.

But the limit is soon found, and there is not a winged creature on the earth weighing fifty pounds that can mount into the air and cleave as a true flyer.

Why do not the ostrich, the great auk, the emu and other congeners of these bird tribes properly fly, since they are equipped with cleavers as are other birds of flight? Walkers and swimmers, as well as flyers, are all, by natural law, limited within certain restrictions, and it is remarkable that these inventors have not learned this, as it is a fact of the utmost importance, and one which, in a careful analysis must

as it is a fact of the utmost importance and one which, in a careful analysis, mus early disclose itself.

Feminine Obtuseness.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Wickwire—"Explain the silver question? Certainly, my dear. It really re sclves itself into two propositions. crowd wants the man who owes \$1 to pay \$2, and the other thinks he ought only to

\$2, and the other thinks he ought only to pay 50 cents."

Mrs. Wickwire—"But why shouldn't they make it so that he who owes \$1 pays \$1?"

Mr. Wickwire—"Because in that case no one would make any extra money. And still the women think they know something of the science of government. You make me tired."



who complains of backache, headache, loss of appetite, extreme lassitude and that "don't care" feeling is pretty sure to be suffering from "Female Weakness," some irregularity or derangement of the special functions of womanhood. Very
often womb troubles
set the nerves wild
with affright and as a

result the woman suf-fers from sleeplessness, nervousness, nerv-ous prostration, faintness and dizziness, irritability and indigestion. In all cases of irregularity or suspended monthly function and in all those nervous diseases depend-ing upon local causes, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Ing upon local causes, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore you to perfect health. Instead of the exhaustion and feeling of weight and dragging down in the abdomen, you feel fresh and strong. For young girls who suffer from irregularities, for the hard-working woman who suffers from catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes causing a constant drain upon the system, there is no prescription used membranes causing a constant drain upon the system, there is no prescription used by any physician which can equal in results Dr. Pierce's. For over thirty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., has used his "Favorite Prescription" in the diseases of women which had long been his specialty and in fully ninety-eight per cent. of all cases, it has permanently cured.

of all cases, it has permanently cured.

Mrs. John M. Conklin, of Patterson, Putnam Co., N. Y., writes: "I am enjoying perfect health, and have been since I took the last bottle of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I took five bottles of it. Never expected to be any better when I commenced taking it, but thank God, I can say that I am glad it reached my home. I had falling of the womb, and flowing caused by miscarriage, and was very weak when I commenced taking your medicines. I was cured by taking five bottles in all—two of the 'Favorite Prescription' and three of the 'Golden Medical Discovory.'"

Wedding

M. Goldsmith and Jewelers, on Pa. Ave.

Your Washerwoman Can't clean your LACE CURTAINS the way they should be "done up." Takes years of experience in handling finest fabrics to "do" them properly. We've learned the art. Do them up to look their daintiest without least injury. Wagon calls.

Anton Fischer, 906 G St.,
MATCHLESS PROCESS DYEING AND CLEANING. octs-104 PACKAGES IN THE MAIL

Warning the Public Against Insufficient Postage on Them. First Assistant Postmaster General Jones says that the Post Office Department has already begun to experience some indications of the approach of the holidays in the matter of packages containing presents, these being packages sent abroad thus early in order to reach their destination in ample time. As the time gets nearer he says that the dead letter office will have a large number of these packages which have been missent. Mr. Jones, who appreciates the sentiment contained in a Christ mas gift, hopes by a circular he has issued to lessen the number of packages that go astray each year. The circular urges persons who mail such packages to be careful sons who mail such packages to be careful and see that the proper amount of postage has been paid and that the article has been preperly addressed. He has just had occasion to address a letter to a person in South Africa telling him that a certain package is held for postage. The package has been sealed, or there would be enough postage to pay its way. As it is, the man in South Africa can, by remitting a dollar and a half, receive by mall a fifty-cent necktie. There was in the post office hot long ago a package of photographs. They were unsealed, and without writing the postage would have been eleven cents, but the age of a child was written on one, and it was over two dollars. Another instance it was over two dollars. Another instance recalled by Mr. Jones is the case of a package in tin addressed to a man in Ireland. The postage was over three dollars. It was a can of cranberries. Mr. Jones says he scarcely hopes to educate the people, but he hopes that his circulars may save some packages and presents from going astray.

properly mailed. Too Much. From the Detroit Free Press.
"How does Briggs look in his new check-



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WEDDING INVITATIONS

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